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## THE SCILLY ISLES.

It is not a particularly far cry from Fleet Street to the Scilly Isles, and yet I suppose more Englishmen know the shores of the Mediterranean and the ways of life in the American West than aught by experience of this little archipelago, some twenty-five miles west-by-south of Land's End. In a measure, this is not wonderful. For the Scillies are so small a group that one may almost be in doubt if they contain adequate moving-room. And further, they are neither extremely grand in their rock scenery, nor do they offer those chances of sport in different branches which are generally the chief attraction in outlying lands.

All the same, they are worth visiting, if only for the fine lesson they give in the brutality of the sea and the storms. A stroll round their various coast-lines is quite alarming. There is so much ponderous wreckage lying about the granite boulders and edges, that it seems as if every night in the year brings local disaster upon some poor vessel. This is not really so, of course. But before the existence of the three or four lighthouses which now guard the isles, the Scillies were about the worst group of rocks in our seas for their fatality. Sir Cloudesley Shovel and the greater part of his fleet came to grief upon them; and many a hundred other vessels. In those days, too, the islanders were a disreputable set of fellows. It was only natural. They caught fish in their waters, to be sure; but they also relied upon smuggling and the more solid fruits of the sea. Tradition tells us that on St Agnes, the fourth island in size, it was customary for the men to meet once a year at a certain well in a rocky cove, and ardently invoke their patron saint to send them plenty of wrecks in the coming twelve months.

Nowadays, however, the islands are somewhat paternally administered. They are part of the Duchy of Cornwall; but some sixty years ago were leased to a gentleman named Augustus Smith; and his nephew, the present proprietor,

still holds them in continuance of this lease. The Smith rule is, upon the whole, very good for the islanders. The Governor, as he is called, is especially opposed to the old error of overpopulation, which made life for the Scillonians wretched and precarious. On the other hand, to better the lot of those remaining, industrial works of a small kind were instituted. The pier of St Mary's is one of these works. The early-potato traffic and the cultivation of flowers have also of late years enabled the islanders to put much money in their pockets.

Under these various civilising influences, the Scillonians have become a reputable little community. Instead of rejoicing over a shipwreck now, they are at all times eager to risk their own lives for the lives of others, and full of pity for the poor fellows the storms leave upon their rocks naked and destitute. They have three admirable lighthouses in their waters—on Round Island, St Agnes, and the Bishop Rock; and also a lightship stationed several miles to the east of the archipelago. And annually they are called upon to put themselves to no slight inconvenience and expense in burying the bodies of the unfortunates whom the sea washes upon their shores. They do not like this sort of thing, to be sure. It seems hard that there should be no State fund for such a purpose. Nevertheless, they bear their burden without an excessive amount of grumbling.

The islands are so low in the Atlantic that they are more numerous when the tide is out than when it is at the flood. It were a long business to record their names. It is enough to mention the principal isles: St Mary's, Treco, St Martin's, St Agnes, and Bryher. These are the only islands now inhabited: and, all told, their population is under two thousand. Until about 1855, a sixth island, Samson, held a few families—numbering thirty-seven souls in 1831—but the census of 1861 found nothing but dismantled buildings among the gorse and heath of this picturesque little plot of land. These shells of houses still exist, and serve as stalls for the eight

or ten cows that are now the successors of their residents.

St Mary's, the chief island, is about nine miles in circumference, and in no part of it does it rise as high as a couple of hundred feet. Considering its smallness and remoteness, it is by no means a dull little land. This is markedly shown in the spring, when the mackerel season has begun and the flower season is not yet over. Daily then, during the workaday week, a steamer leaves the capital for Penzance, and often it takes a sufficiently valuable freight to Billingsgate and Covent Garden.

From my bedroom window in the hotel of St Mary's I used to watch the long procession of luggers running into harbour soon after day-break, to get their catches sold and stored for the morning market. Sometimes three or four would speed abreast up the sound; and now and again, when the wind was strong from the north, with a low barometer, their pitching and tossing was enough to make me think the hotel itself had lost its equilibrium: a delusion fostered by the wailing of the wind through the crevices of the house, and the agitated fronds of the Himalaya palms in the garden outside. The scene on board the steamer of a morning was also odd enough to be worth witnessing. As each lugger came alongside and exposed its catch in its hold, the fish auctioneer put them up for sale without loss of a moment. If they were mackerel, they were sold by the hundred; if hake, by the dozen or score; or singly if they were fine fish and few were in the market. It was soon settled. The Billingsgate men on board paid cash down, and immediately had their spoil packed and stowed. In less than twenty-four hours it would be in the savoury market by Thames' side: not literally 'all alive oh!' but fresh enough to suit even a fastidious palate.

The flowers are a much sweeter subject. Scilly land-cultivators are vastly indebted to the Governor, Colonel Smith Dorrien-Smith, for this island industry. He himself sends tons of narcissus to Covent Garden from his residential island of Treco, a mile across the strait from St Mary's. But the expenses of his gardens and estate are so large that the flowers are hardly a source of revenue to him. Not so with other Scillonians. You may see acres of the flowers in the more sheltered parts of St Mary's protected from the gales by high fencing and hedges of the shrub *Escallonia macrantha*; and acres mean a good deal when the wholesale price of an undamaged single narcissus is a farthing. It is not an uncommon thing for a farmer to send off fifty pounds' worth of the flowers in a week; this, too, without reliance upon any hired labour. Nor is the flower-season so short and uncertain as one might suppose. It runs through April and May with little or no variation. And afterwards the potatoes have to be dugged and packed in like manner, with the like agreeable result to the cash-box of the farmer. If the Scillies were not overmatched by the competition of the counties in the south-west of the mainland, they would also send us clotted cream as good as Devon's; but they do well without this. There are three or four banks in the little capital of the archipelago, which tells a tale of its own. But in spite of this, not every cultivator will

trust his 'pile' out of Penzance. Some think there is likelihood of the south of France ousting Scilly in the flower-trade even as it has to some extent in the new-potato trade. But it seems improbable; for French express trains cannot compete quite satisfactorily with the trains from Penzance; and with such delicate merchandise every hour is of consequence.

The climate of the Scillies is so mild that, in common with a score or two of other island groups, the archipelago figures as a health-resort. If only St Mary's was a little larger and could afford to print a newspaper of its own, we should hear more on this subject than we do. As it is, the Penzance press does its best, and in the Cornish bookshops one espies pamphlets which, upon perusal, prove plainly that with such salubrious islets within three or four hours' steam of the mainland, people who go to Madeira and Tenerife are sometimes more than foolish.

But, in fact, though the Scilly air is sufficiently pure, the Scilly climate is really neither dry nor steadily warm enough to compare favourably with the better-known invalid resorts. The islands get snow in seasons like the winter of 1890-91; and they are always subject to the same variability that gives such a charm to our British climate. During one week in May, we had, for example, a tearing breeze from the south-east, rain-squalls from the south-west, a nipping north-wester with clear skies and a bright-blue sea studded with dancing white-horses, and a sober calm which made the myriad of Scilly's black rocks look like bits of coal spread about an immense polished silver dish. It was a wonder we had not a fog as well. These are, in truth, the most characteristic visitations. It is during the fogs that most of the wrecks take place; and they come so thick in the spring that the doomed ship may get within gunshot of the lighthouses without seeing the lanterns. As it was, one or two of the nights were misty enough to set the doleful fog-guns of the Bishop lighthouse firing in the dark hours.

Though harmless to the robust, if bestowed in moderation, these Scilly fogs can in no way be recommended to the invalid. Moreover, they are such gloomy blankets for the person whose mind or body is not at ease. Nor are there in this little coterie of houses those welcome diversions which in the sunnier south help forward the well-being of the body by the entertainment of the mind. To hear tell of a fishing lugger ashore on the Retarrier Reef or Annet, with the probability of all hands being lost, is the strongest excitement one may then look for. And on the morrow you may go and gaze at the crushed frame of the vessel through your telescope if you think the sight will do you good. With most of us, however, these tales of calamity are bound to have a depressing effect.

Next to St Mary's the island of Treco is the most important. It is scarcely half the size of St Mary's, yet at the beginning of the century its population equalled that of the chief island. However, in 1881 it had but 328 inhabitants as compared with the 1290 of St Mary's; and the current census will not much disturb this proportion.

As the abode of the lord proprietor of the isles, Treco is in some respects more interesting

than St Mary's. Smith the First—if we may be allowed the phrase—designed and built the Abbey residence here close to the ruins of an old monastic establishment which is believed to date from the time of the Norman Conquest. The visitor who fails to cross the couple of miles of waterway between St Mary's and Tresco to visit the Smith gardens is held to have missed the most alluring spot in the isles. It may be so. Often, however, the passage involves a hearty attack of sea-sickness, which some think not worth risking even for the sake of the most illustrious spectacle in the world. Yet, seriously, the Tresco gardens are in their way very charming. The congregation of sub-tropical plants in this sheltered recess is particularly remarkable; and it is certainly odd to walk in an avenue of palms, hale and hearty as can be, and be able to assure one's self that England is only five-and-twenty miles away. This, I suppose, is one of the surest proofs of the mildness of the Scilly climate.

But the Abbey is not all Tresco by any means. At the northern end of the island the rocks are as bold and impressive as their altitude will allow them to be; and here, too, on the edge of the strait which parts Tresco from Bryher, is a solid old castle keep which has been christened after Oliver Cromwell. There is, further, a cliff in the channel a stone's-throw distant which goes by the name of Hangman's Rock, and tradition has it that during the Great Rebellion the rock was used as a place of execution. After the general flavour of tragic death by drowning, which heretofore has seemed the main feature of the Scilly Isles, it is almost exhilarating to meet with such fresh suggestiveness as this.

Of the other inhabited isles little need be said. Bryher is sometimes left by the spring-tides accessible on foot from Tresco. It has a winding coast-line, with bright little bays verdant to the edges. St Agnes is set about with ghastly rocks like teeth, that even in calm weather look as if they were hungering to transfix the bottom of an ironclad. Here more bodies are washed ashore than upon any of the islands, much to the annoyance of the people; and in its frightful bays you may see the shattered framework of more wrecks than elsewhere. The modern dwellers in St Agnes are not reprobates like their forefathers; the lighthouse set in their midst is rather a type of their regenerated natures. In 1881 they numbered but one hundred and forty-eight—every one, I imagine, cousin, if nothing nearer, to his neighbour. It is said you may still reckon off their distinctive surnames on one hand.

Last of all, St Martin's must be noticed. This is the third in size, and the one of which I have the most pleasant recollections. I was first attracted to it by the glowing gold of its gorse as seen from Tresco, a mile or two distant. Later, I stayed in it for a while, being welcomed into the family of an honest farmer whose ancestors had dwelt here I know not how long. As its extent is only about five hundred acres, I was soon much at home with its yellow downs and snowy sands; and when the time came to commission six of the islanders to row me back again to the capital, I was as sorry as if I had had to snap a chord in my heart. It has not very much individuality. Yet on the map you may see

that its various centres of population are called Higher Town, Lower Town, and Middle Town. Is not this delightfully ambitious in an island of five hundred acres, with, all told, a hundred and seventy souls, and not a single house for the sale of tobacco or strong drink? Yet there is nothing of braggartness about the people themselves. Those of them who do not subsist by the cultivation of their little garden-plots possess liver-coloured cows, and rely upon the Atlantic to enable them to keep soul and body comfortably conjoined.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE HALL OF THE NEW FAITH.

THE Place, as Mr Edmund Gray modestly called it, was a meek and unpretending Structure. The word is used advisedly, because no one could call it anything else. Not an Edifice: not a Building—a Structure. It turned its gabled front to the street, with a door below and a window above. It was of gray brick with a slate roof—a very plain and simple Structure. It might have been a Primitive Methodist Chapel—this Connection are fond of such neat and unpretending places: or a room belonging to the Salvation Army: or one of those queer lecture halls affected by Secularists and generally called the Hall of Science. On the door-post was affixed a small handbill, announcing that every Sunday evening at seven o'clock an address would be pronounced by Edmund Gray, on the subject of 'Property.' On the same bill, below the line of the principal title, were suggestive subtitles. Thus:

- 'Property and its Origin.'
- 'Property and its Evils.'
- 'Property and its Dangers.'
- 'Property and Liberty.'
- 'Property and Progress.'
- 'Property and its Decay.'

The Master pointed to the Bill. 'Read it,' he said. 'There you have my mission clearly announced. No mistake about it. A bold pronouncement, which cannot be mistaken. I make war against Property—I am the enemy irreconcilable—the enemy to the death—of Property. I am almost alone against the world, for my followers are a feeble folk and without power. All the interests, all the prejudices, all the powers, all the intellect, of the whole world are against me. I stand alone. But I fear nothing, because the future is given over to me and to mine—yea—though I do not live to see the day of Victory.'

He opened the door, and Elsie entered. She found herself in a room about sixty feet long by twenty broad, and lofty—a fine and goodly room. It was furnished with a long and narrow table running down the middle, and a few benches. Nothing else. The table was laid with a white cloth, and provided with plates of ham and beef, cold sausages, hard-boiled eggs, cakes, toast, muffins, bread and butter, marmalade, jam, shrimps, water-cresses, and teacups. In fact,

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there was spread out a Tea of generous proportions.

The room was half filled with thirty or forty people, mostly young, though there were some elderly men. Among them Elsie remarked, without surprise, the decayed Barrister of Gray's Inn. Perhaps he was attracted as much by the loaves as by the sermon. Three-quarters of them were young men. Elsie noticed that they were young men of a curious type—their faces keen, their eyes hard, their manner aggressive. They belonged to a Church Militant. They longed to be fighting. On the appearance of their preacher they flocked about him, shaking hands and inquiring after his health. At least, therefore, he had the affection of his followers.

'My friends,' said the Prophet, 'I bring you a new Disciple. She comes to us from the very stronghold of Property. Her friends'—yet he had shown no sign of recognition—'are either those who pillage the producer, or those who rob the possessor on pretence of defending him. She is at present only a recruit. She comes to listen and to learn. She will go home to remember and to meditate. She is a recruit now who will be hereafter a Leader.'

The people received her with curiosity. They were not of the higher classes, to put it mildly, and they had never had a young lady among them before. Two or three girls who were present—girls from the dressmakers' workrooms—looked at her frock with envy, and at her bonnet and her gloves with a yearning, helpless, heart-sinking admiration. To the young men she seemed a goddess, unapproachable. They stood at a distance: men of the rank above them would have worshipped. These young men only gaped. Such a girl had nothing to do with their lives.

Apparently they had been waiting for the Master, for at the moment a stout woman and a girl appeared bearing trays with teapots and jugs of hot water, which they placed upon the board. Mr Edmund Gray took the chair. Elsie began to feel like Alice in Wonderland. She came to see a 'Place': she expected to hear a sermon or a lecture: and behold a Tea!

'Sit beside me,' said the Master. 'We begin our evening on Sunday with a simple feast, which I provide. It is a sign of brotherhood. Every Sunday we begin with this renewal of fraternity. Those who break bread together are brothers and sisters. In the good time to come every meal shall be in common, and every evening meal shall be a Feast. Eat and drink with us, my daughter. So you will understand that you belong to a Brotherhood.'

'Try some scrumps, Miss,' said her neighbour on the right, an elderly man, who was a builder's foreman.

History does not concern itself with what Elsie took. She found the meal very much to the purpose after a long afternoon of talk, argument, and emotion. She was young and she was hungry. The tea was good: the things to eat were good: the cake and toast were admirable. Elsie ate and drank and wondered what was coming next.

After a little, she began to look round her and to watch the company. There were now, she counted, forty-five of them—forty-five disciples of

Mr Edmund Gray. What had he to teach them? The destruction of Property. Out of the four millions of London, forty-five were found who wanted to destroy Property—only forty-five. But perhaps all who advocated that step were not present. Her ancient prejudices whispered that this was a reassuring fact, considering that the Preacher had preached his doctrines for nine long years. Only forty-five. Next to her the foreman began to talk to her of Fourier and Owen and a dozen half-forgotten leaders in the old experiments. He had been a Chartist in the Forties: he was a Socialist in these, the Nineties; but he confessed that before any real reform was attempted, Property must first be destroyed.

'It's the selfishness,' he whispered earnestly, 'that's got to be torn out by the roots. Take that away, and there's a chance for the world. It never can be taken away till a man finds that he can't work no longer for himself, and that he must work for all, whether he likes it or lumps it. Don't give him the choice nor the chance, I say. Take away Property, and there's neither choice nor chance left. You hear Mr Gray upon that. Oh, he's powerful! What do they say? Naked we came into the world. Naked we enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. There's a wonderful lot of fine things hangin' to that. You must wait till you hear Mr Gray upon that theme.—Kingdom of Heaven! To hear the parsons talk, it's away above the clouds. Not so. It's here—close beside us—on this earth. All we've got to do is to put out our hands and reach it.'

'You may put out your hands as much as you like,' said one of the younger men; 'but you won't reach it, all the same. Property stands between.'

'At our place,' said a girl sitting opposite—a girl of intelligent face, pale and thin—'we work from eight till eight, and sometimes longer, for twelve shillings a week. I know what things cost and what they sell for. I could produce enough to keep me—ah! a good deal better than I live now—if I could sell what I made myself—for four hours' work a day. So I work eight hours a day, not counting the dinner-hour, just to keep the boss and to make Property for him. My Property it is—well—I know—in here, we say, *our* Property: outside we say, *my* Property. Where's your Kingdom of Heaven, then, if you reach out your hand ever so far, so long as I've got to work to make somebody else rich? Let's destroy Property, and then we shall see.'

A desire—a foolish concealed desire, born of prejudice, seized Elsie to argue. For she perceived in the girl's reasoning certain confusions and intricacies. But she had the courage to suppress the inclination: she refrained. She was a disciple. She must listen.

'I am a slave, like all the rest of us,' another young man remarked, cheerfully. 'My Master owns me. He can sell me if he likes, only he calls it by another name: he can't take a whip and lash me, though he'd like to; because, if he did, I'd break every bone in his body for him, but he can cut down the work and the money. I do editing and reporting for a local paper. Thirty shillings a week. The proprietor makes ten pounds a week out of it. And I'm not allowed to tell the truth for fear of advertisers.' He added a few words not commonly



heard in a place that looked like a chapel on a Sunday evening.

Elsie observed that their faces showed two variations of expression—only two. The majority of the company had the eyes of the dreamer, the theorist, the enthusiast. They are soft eyes, and in repose are heavy, and they look through stone walls into space, far away—space where their dreams are realised and men and women live according to their theories. In moments of enthusiasm and passion they become flaming fires. These eyes belonged to most of those present. The rest—the minority—were those who are angry and restless and eager for the practical application of the doctrine. These want revolution: they are impatient: they feel for themselves the injustices and oppressions which enthusiasts feel for others: these are always resentful: the others are always hopeful: these want to convert the world at once with bludgeon and with gun: the others are certain that before long the world will be converted by reason. The one despairs of anything but force: the other will have no force: the one hates his enemy: he would kill him if he could: he has no words too bad for him: the enthusiast, on the other hand, regards his enemy with pity, and would at any moment welcome him, forgive him, and—well—invite him to a Fraternal Tea if he would only desert his ranks and come over. And these are the two divisions in every party, and such is the nature of man that there must always be these two divisions.

The Fraternal Tea finished, the company cleared the tables, everybody lending a hand, perhaps as another sign or pledge of fraternity. It was then nearly seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the address. The door was thrown wide open for the admission of the world; but there was no sign that the world took the least interest in the subject of Property. No one came at all. Elsie learned afterwards that the world outside the Hall had long since grown tired of the subject on which Mr Gray had been preaching for nine years. Those who came to the Tea were the inner circle of believers or disciples, a small but faithful company, to whose members there was rarely any addition.

At seven Mr Edmund Gray rose to commence his address, standing at the head of the table, so that it was like an after-dinner speech. Outside, the sun was hot and bright and the air clear. Within the Hall, there were the mingled odours and steams of long-protracted and hearty Fraternal Tea: the air was heavy and the room dark. When the Master began to speak, a young man—one of the ardent and wrathful kind—drew out a note-book and took everything down: all listened with respect, some with rapt interest. Some nodded—some groaned—some said 'Hear' softly—to encourage the preacher and to show their adhesion to principle.

Elsie sat at the right hand of the speaker. His discourses moved her much less in this public place than in his chambers. The persuasive voice was there, but it did not persuade her—moreover, she could not meet his eyes. Their magnetism failed to touch her. So much the better, because she could listen with cold judgment and watch the people.

'My friends,' he began, 'my brothers and my

sisters—we are all long since agreed that the root of all evil, the first form of disease, the first fatal step that was leading to so many other mischiefs, was the beginning of Property. We have proved that so often—we are all so entirely agreed upon this vital principle, that we seldom, and only on rare occasions, find it necessary to do more than assume its truth. That occasion, however, is the present, when we have among us one who comes as a stranger, yet a disciple: one who has a mind open to the influence of reason: one who is anxious to clear herself of the prejudices and absurdities in which she has been from infancy brought up. Let us, therefore, briefly, for her instruction and for the strengthening of our own faith, point out some of the arguments which support this position. It is to us an axiom. To the world it still requires proof. And the world refuses to accept the proof, because it is given over to the Chase of the Abominable Thing.'

He proceeded to parade the reasons which made his School regard Property as the root of all evil. The line which he pursued was not new: many men have pointed out before Mr Edmund Gray the selfishness of mankind as illustrated by the universal game of Grab: others, with equal force, have shown that the protection of Things causes an immense expenditure and a great shrinkage in Things: others have shown that it is the continual efforts of men to get without working the Things for which others have worked, that fill our jails and keep up an army of police.

'We start with a false principle,' the Master went on, 'which has ruined the world and still keeps it down. If there are to be rich men, they must become rich at the expense of the rest: they must be few, and the poor must be many. Therefore, the protection of Property is the robbery of the poor by law. We all know that: in this place we have agreed, so far, a thousand times: the rich can only become rich by robbing the poor: they rob their land: they rob their work: they rob their whole lives—and they are permitted and encouraged by the Law. Shall we, then, change the Law? No: it would be a work too vast. Shall we change the minds of men? Not by reason: it is impossible by any argument so long as by law and custom they can still rob the producer of his work. The only way is to destroy all Property. When men can no longer by any kind of thought get richer than their neighbours, then they will cease to think for themselves, and think for the whole community. You will say—some one may object—that some are not the same in strength of mind or of body: there will be many, then, who will refuse to work at all, and become burdens on the community. We have thought of that objection. At first, there would be many such; but not for long. Because we should kill them. Yes, my friends,' he added with a smile of the sweetest benevolence. 'For the good of the community it will be necessary, without any sentimental considerations, to kill all those who refuse to work, all those who shirk their work, all those who persistently do scamped and bad work. They must die. So the commonwealth shall contain none but those who are vigorous, loyal, and true. For the rest—Death—if it means the death of a million who were once

rich—Death is the only escape from the difficulty which is so often objected.

‘It has been asked again how we differ from the Socialists. In this. We would begin with no theories, no constitution, no code. Only let every man give all his strength, all his heart, all his mind, to the good of the commonwealth, without the least power of enriching himself, saving money—of course there would be no money—without the chance of getting better food and better clothes than the rest—and we may safely leave the world to take care of itself. Why—my brothers—why—my sisters—should we poor purblind creatures, unable to comprehend more than a glimpse of that glorious future which awaits the world when Property shall be destroyed—why—I say—should we dare to lay down schemes and invent systems for that glorified humanity? Let us leave them to themselves. They will be as far above us, my brothers, as we are already above the holders and the defenders of Property.’

Elsie looked at the little gathering—five-and-forty—with a little smile. They were then already far above the holders and the defenders of Property, and again she thought, ‘What if these words were heard in Lincoln’s Inn?’

‘How, then, can Property be destroyed?’

At this practical question every one sat up-right, coughed, and looked interested. Their Preacher had often enough declaimed upon the evils of Property. He seldom spoke of a practical way. Perhaps the time had come.

‘There are, my friends, several ways. They are already beginning to be understood and to be worked. The Irish and the politicians who wanted the Irish vote have shown the world how to destroy property in land. Believe me, that example will be followed. It was an evil day for the holders of Property when the Government interfered between the landlord and his tenant. That example will bear fruit elsewhere. We shall see everywhere the owners of the land turned out and their places taken by those who work the land. The next step is from land to houses. Why not with houses as with land? Since a beginning has been made, it must be carried on. But there is other property besides lands and houses. There are companies with shares, railways, and so forth. We have only begun to see what united labour can effect—since union of labour is, in fact, not yet begun. When it is fairly started, it will pay small respect to shareholders and to dividends. When wages are paid, there will be perhaps no dividend left at all. In a single year—nay, a single week—the whole capital invested in all the companies will lose its value: it will be so much waste-paper. My friends, we need not stir hand or foot to bring about this end: it will be done for us by the working-man, and by those who follow the example of Ireland. They will do it for their own selfish ends first—but—Property once destroyed, we shall never again allow it to be created.

‘Oh!’—he warmed with his subject, his voice grew more musical, his face glowed—‘I see a splendid—a noble sight. I see the great houses in the country fallen to ruin and decay: their contents are stored in museums: the great palaces of the towns are pulled down: the towns themselves are decayed and shrunk: there

is no Property: there is no one working for himself: the man of science works his laboratory for the community—but he has the honour of his discoveries: the medical man pursues his work with no thought of getting rich: there is plenty to go the round of everything—oh! plenty of the best. We can have what we like, do what we like, dress as we like, teach what we please—provided we work for the State. If we refuse—Death! If we give bad work—Death! It is the only Law. We shall have no lawyers—no power—no magistrates. Oh! great and glorious time—you shall see it, you who are young—yes, you shall see it—while I—I—who have dreamed of the time so long—I shall lie low in the grave. What matter—so the time come and so the world rises free at last to follow out the destiny of a new and glorified humanity!’

He sat down and laid his head upon his hand, as one in prayer. They remained in silence till he raised his head. Then the young man who had called attention to his slavery spoke.

‘There is perhaps another way,’ he said, ‘which might do the job for us. Suppose the chemists were to find out how to produce food—food of any kind—artificially—just as good and as nourishing as if it was butcher-meat or bread. Suppose it could be produced dirt cheap—most chemists’ things cost nothing. Then no one would need to work: because he’d have his food found for him. If no one would need to work, no one could get rich any more. And if no one wanted to buy anything, nobody could sell. Then riches wouldn’t count, and there you are. Let’s get a chemist to take the thing up.’

The conversation that followed struck out new ideas. Presently it flagged, and one by one the people stole away.

The Master and the Disciple returned in the tram as far as Gray’s Inn.

The Master fell into profound silence a quarter of an hour before the end of the journey. When they got down, Elsie observed, first, that he buttoned his coat; next, that he put on gloves; thirdly, that he pulled his hat forwards; and lastly, that he ignored her presence. He drew himself erect, and walked away with firm and precise step in the direction of Bedford Row, which is on the other side of Gray’s Inn. He was once more Mr Edward Dering.

‘I wonder,’ said Elsie, ‘how much, to-morrow, he will recollect?’

(To be continued.)

## THE VOLE PLAGUE IN SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

THE widely-circulated statements in the daily newspapers, together with reports therein of meetings of the panic-stricken owners of flocks, special Reports from Commissioners sent out from the new Ministry of Agriculture, as well as discussions that have taken place in the House of Commons, seem to have at last awakened the general public to the seriousness of the veritable calamity that has overtaken the sheep-farmers along a wide district not very far from the Scottish Borders. Although a plague of mice is no new experience in that land of old romance, where dales and glens alternate with the great rounded green hills which form the Southern

Uplands of Scotland, yet the little animals whose voracity has caused so much destruction to the food of the 'woolly people,' and consternation in the breasts of their owners, are probably on this occasion spread over a wider stretch of the southern Scottish counties, and more numerous everywhere on the affected lands than on any previous occasion. The little rodent whose ravages in the aggregate are so calamitous is one whose history is full of similar destructive outbreaks both in Britain and in various other northern countries. In some parts of the Continent these great recurring phenomena of 'over-population' in the mice communities are regular landmarks in local chronology, and the peasantry long refer to them as the 'Mice years;' just as in other parts similar outbursts of other members of the same destructive family of small quadrupeds are remembered as 'Hamster years' or as 'Lemming years.'

It is a pity that the term 'mice' has ever been applied to these little vermin, for in the matter of natural history definiteness and correctness of nomenclature are of first importance. In reality, foxes, jackals, and wolves might with greater nearness to truth be termed 'dogs,' than the Voles that have increased in their myriads to cause the present plague can be named 'mice.' There are three British species of voles—the Water Vole, more generally known by a similar misapplication of terms as the 'water rat;' the Red Bank Vole, which in some slight degree in at least a few localities shares the reputation for destructive powers so universally assigned to our third species, the Short-tailed Field Vole. The last named is very generally distributed throughout the mainland of Great Britain, and in the Islands extends to the most of the Inner and Outer Hebrides and to the Orkneys, but has not, we believe, been detected in Shetland. Very curiously, neither this vole nor either of the other two voles is found in Ireland.

The short-tailed field vole is a very pretty little animal notwithstanding its short aspect and somewhat chubby cheeks, and although no great climber and a very poor jumper is wonderfully 'smart on its feet.' It gets along its 'runs' and across the pathways and sheep-tracks in the course of its foraging expeditions like the figurative flash of lightning; and the surprise of people who make its acquaintance for the first time and note its celerity of movement is very amusing. The present writer remembers with delight a pleasing 'interview' he had with a party of these voles some years ago on the brow of one of the hills in Upper Nithsdale. He had been along the hill-tops after white hares, and it was getting pretty far on in the afternoon of a sunny winter day when he sat down in a nook fully exposed to the sunshine to await his companions. Presently a vole appeared two or three yards away sitting up on its hindlegs, trimming its whiskers and the fur of its face with its forepaws. Then another and another appeared, till nine individuals were playing about the grass and heather, apparently in full enjoyment of the heat of the evening sun-rays. Sometimes a blade of grass would be taken up and nibbled for a few seconds, the little jaws vibrating with great rapidity in the act of chewing; now and then one would chase another for a short distance, evi-

dently more in play than anger, and pursuer and pursued would emit a slight sound more like a chirp than a squeak. The pretty scene had lasted for nearly half an hour, no other vole than this family party of nine appearing, when an unlucky movement on the part of the watching biped scared the merry little quadrupeds, who instantly disappeared with a scamper into their runs, holding their little short stumps of tails straight out behind in a decidedly comical manner.

Not alone in the sheep-farm country are the voles to be found. In the rough grass in young plantations, in the thick tussocks of grass in meadow and bog land, and wherever grass has not been grazed too closely, or where it has lain free of tillage for a year or two, will these little beasts be found in plenty. Their runs are on the ground just above the grass roots, and cross and recross each other, interlacing in the most intricate fashion. Some time in March, earlier or later according as the weather favours the operation or otherwise, their household cares begin. A hollow on the surface of the ground is chosen, and if shelter can be obtained between two or more tufts of grass, so much the better. A long oval habitation is constructed, the walls being built of small pieces of dry grass or other fine vegetable fibres closely woven and felted together. If the moisture does not soak into this nest from beneath, it certainly cannot enter it from above, for the way in which it is thatched will throw off the most violent rain-storms. An entrance is made underneath one end, and inside this snug and cosy cradle the young are deposited to the average number of five or six; but we have on occasions found as many as ten. These nests are eagerly sought for by rooks, and when found, torn to pieces at once; the young mice being greedily gulped down by the black bogies, whose appearance must be the prevailing terror of voledom.

These voles are possibly seldom thought of as domestic pets, but we can assure our readers, from an experience gained in other and more youthful years, that they make most interesting little pets. They have none of the objectionable odour which the keepers of fancy mice so vainly endeavour to get rid of, and for wild animals they soon acquire an amount of confidence and tameness that is most surprising. They will eat in captivity almost any kind of vegetation; or, as the phrase goes in Dumfriesshire, they will devour 'any green hait (atom);' but little blades of tender green grass are their favourite nibble, and they will soon learn to take it from one's fingers. Scampering up and down their cage, sitting up on their haunches, while they make use of their forefeet as hands to hold up blades of grass or other food while eating; grunting and squeaking in a low subdued key, just like miniature Guinea-pigs—to the Abyssinian variety of which, so much prized by fanciers, they indeed bear a remarkable resemblance—they are amongst the most entertaining of small pets.

These details of the family life of the short-tailed vole are not likely to be very acceptable to the sufferers from their ravages in Southern Scotland, who have every reason to foster a bitter hatred of the whole race. The evil the voles have done, are doing, and will yet do, is so



enormous that no one can blame the farmer who cherishes an utter detestation of the evil multitudes that have wrought so much havoc in his pastures, and caused so much loss to his pocket. The complete destruction that has come upon the sheep-farmers must be seen to be believed; no description can convey any adequate idea of the damage done. From the west of Roxburgh right along the great range of hill-farms between Dumfriesshire on the one side, and Selkirk, Peebles, and Lanark on the other, away on to the head of Nithsdale and the northern portions of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, there is an all-pervading plague of voles. On every farm in this long range the damage has been of the most serious character; on some every blade of grass, and even the weeds, have disappeared, leaving the land literally bare and red. The total area affected to a destructive extent cannot be much short of 160,000 acres.

For some years past the voles have been noticed to be steadily on the increase; but it was not till the favourable breeding seasons of 1889, '90, '91 that it was seen that this increase had rapidly developed into a plague. In ordinary course, when the voles have to contend against the vicissitudes of the weather, and their usual natural enemies, such as disease, hunger, rooks, and birds and animals of prey, they are easily kept in check, and they do not breed—according to accurate observers—more than three or four times in the year, and the usual litter does not number more than six. But when an extra dry warm time occurs on the hills in spring and early summer, the grass on the moist sheep-farms springs up in great luxuriance, and the voles have dry shelter, abundance of food at the critical period of breeding operations, and the consequent robust health and freedom from molestation by their furred and feathered enemies, induce them to propagate so fast that litters increase sometimes to as many as ten, and at intervals of about four weeks, for seven or eight months in succession, the young ones themselves meanwhile beginning to breed at the age of nine or ten weeks. The case now becomes one of rapid geometric progression in figures, so that the sudden appearance of vast hordes of mice on lands where shortly before few were to be seen is easily accounted for. That they migrate for short distances is undoubted, for numerous instances of this are continually turning up on the infected farms at present; but that there will be any general migration to the arable lands, as is so greatly and generally feared just now, is most unlikely. Even if the voles did so, they would be much more easily coped with amongst the clods and furrows than in their native fastnesses.

So far as the plague has gone no simple and effective mode of coping with the vermin has yet been found, or at least adopted. Raids by men with sticks and spades and accompanied by dogs were organised on a large scale before the lambing season began, and the voles were killed in an exceedingly wholesale manner; but so numerous are their myriads that notwithstanding the large numbers killed, no appreciable diminution is noted. In some of the outbreaks in Germany, poisoned grain shot into the underground runs by means of a description of spring-gun was found to be very effective, multitudes being easily

poisoned. The objections to the use of poisoned grains in this country are many and weighty, even if the use of it was to be sanctioned by the legislature. Some hundredweights of poisoned pills of meal were however prepared by a well-known firm of Edinburgh chemists, and these were distributed over a sheep-farm in the neighbourhood of Moffat. But the voles turned up their noses at the pellets, and would have nothing at all to do with the deceitful food. In the Crown Forest districts of England, where these little rodents are often troublesome, rows of small pits with bottoms wider than the tops are dug, and into these the mice topple when on their rambles, and their athletic powers not being much developed, they cannot get out again, and are thus easily got at and destroyed. These pits are by far the most effective and cheapest traps, yet it is rather singular the Scottish farmers have refused to try them on anything like a systematic and extensive scale. To be sure, this mode has been tried somewhat partially and rather experimentally in some parts; but the farmers declare that most of their land slopes so steeply, or is so hard or so wet on the flat portions, that the pit plan is impracticable. Sinking zinc buckets till their upper rims are level with the surface of the soil has been found to entrap large numbers, but the great expense involved precludes this plan from being generally adopted. Wide-mouthed bottles have also been sunk in a similar way, and proved efficient traps, sometimes as many as seven voles being got in a bottle. Very extensive burnings of the 'spret' grass on the hills were resorted to this spring in the hope that the mice might be burned up; but, as was to be anticipated from the known habits of the voles, the little creatures merely retreated into their underground runs till the flames passed over them. Other remedies in great variety, ranging from paraffin and tar to dynamite, have been offered by outside advisers, and many of these real or supposed cures have been tried by the despairing farmers.

Yet the fact remains that although some at least of the proposed remedies would answer the purpose, the hordes of voles remain in a great measure unchecked. The chief difficulty is in getting some sort of concerted action at a given time, for although one farmer may manage to exterminate the mice on his lands, yet, if his neighbours fold their hands and look on, the mischief will in a day or two be renewed to a worse extent than before; for the surrounding lands will simply be relieved of their surplus mice population, and his lands will have got a fresh stock, rendered all the more vigorous and destructive by their change of air.

It is now beginning to be believed by those accustomed to the study of natural-history phenomena that the great mice plague has already passed its maximum. Diseases which follow inevitably on 'over-population' (or over-multiplication) of any animal—from Man himself downwards in the scale—are now beginning to work their usual havoc; the various means of destruction devised by the farmers are now coming into effective operation; hawks, and especially owls, are flocking from all parts of the compass, as is their wont, to the feast provided for them; and although climatic influences—until the heavy rains of the past ten days set in—have been again



in the present spring of the most favourable character for the voles, yet the latter are now so numerous, and have eaten up so much of the herbage, that wholesale hunger—the most powerful of all their enemies—may help to stop their further increase. After all, although the outlook in the meantime is simply ruinous to the sheep-farmers over this great district, which produces such a large proportion of the home mutton and wool supply, there is every reason to believe that the new crop of grass that is to spring up when the vole plague ceases will be a great improvement on the old and effete pastures that have lasted for generations. The seeds that are lying dormant in the soil, the bare stumps of the old tussocks, will spring again with renewed vigour after their severe pruning, and the great mice plague of 1891–2 may ultimately prove a blessing in disguise; but there can be no question it has been purchased at an exceedingly costly present outlay.

## WITH IRON WILL.

### CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

WEEKS passed away. It was a bleak, gusty night. I had settled at Waking—had, in fact, become the village doctor, if a practitioner without patients may claim the title. I was seated in my armchair, smoking an after-dinner pipe, but in no very cheerful frame of mind. I had caught a chill, having been constantly on the river, in spite of adverse weather, the last few weeks; and as I sat in my study, in a feverish and depressed condition, all sorts of dark thoughts filtered through my brain. In the midst of my sombre broodings the sound of wheels on the high-road caught my ear. Presently there was a pause at the gate. I rose quickly and looked out. It was Colonel Hethersett's carriage. A strong inclination seized me to go out and answer the gate-bell. But I had the prudence, though conscious of a quickened pulse, to restrain my ardour. I threw myself back in my chair, took up a book, and merely glanced round abstractedly when my man came in and handed me a note. I broke the seal without haste—for my servant's eye was still upon me—and read as follows: 'Come at once.—SYBIL HETHERSETT.'

I found her standing on the hearthrug before the fire. She was alone. She came forward, when the door closed behind me, with evident agitation. Her hand trembled as I took it in mine. She looked searchingly into my face. 'You are ill. He told me you were. How thoughtless of me to have sent for you! You ought never to have ventured out on a night like this. I might have come to you.'

I was ill. I felt that the fever had increased, as well it might, since I had quitted my fireside. But I did my best to hide it. She took my hot hand in hers and led me to the sofa beside the hearth. I think I should have fallen but for her aid. I sank down, and again asked her, 'What has happened?'

But although, as I could see, there was great anxiety to speak with me expressed in her face, she took no heed of my question until she had

placed some tea on a little table beside me and had handed me the cup.

'And now,' said Sybil, 'I will answer your question. My father assured me that he should return in good time this evening. It is past eight o'clock; the last train went by an hour ago. If he had come by it, he must have reached home before now. It is scarcely twenty minutes' walk from Waking Station.'

'Would he walk?' I could not help thinking of the lonely road that led by the fields to Waking Hall. 'Did not the carriage go to meet him?'

'No. He was not sure by which train he should come. And he gave strict orders—and you know what that means—that the carriage should not be sent. He has an odd preference for walking home at night.'

I was seriously alarmed, but made a strenuous effort to hide my growing suspicion from her. 'Have you,' said I, without any show of eagerness, 'any special reason for being anxious?'

'You know,' she answered, with her eyes now raised earnestly to mine, 'you know that a danger threatens him; you know that what happened ten years ago—when your skill and devotion saved his life—may happen again. He never speaks to me of this. I dare not speak to him. But I am convinced—as convinced as if my father had spoken—that Kenrick still overshadows his life.'

'Kenrick?' said I, unable to suppress my surprise. 'That man's name, then, Miss Hethersett, is known to you?'

She answered in a quiet tone: 'I was at Cawnpore, and in the house, when my father gave way to his passion. I recollect every detail of the affair. I was nine years old at the time. And when, three years later,' she added, 'that dreadful attempt was made on his life, everything was plain to me. I was then at school, in France; and when I was told about it—and told what a mysterious affair it was—I said nothing. It was no mystery to me. I knew who had struck the blow; I knew it as certainly as if I had witnessed the scene.'

Sybil's manner was still self-possessed; and as I looked into her face I thought I recognised something of her father's undaunted nature reflected there.

I now rose, though still showing no sign of haste; for I would not needlessly alarm her; though the feeling was growing strong within me that I might be losing precious moments. She now left her chair, and coming quickly to my side, placed her hand upon my arm. 'Stay a moment longer,' said she; 'I have something to tell you—something about this man.' Again she paused, expecting no reply. But it was only momentary. She went on in a quicker tone. 'My father's face tells me everything; nothing escapes me, I believe, that passes through his mind. And his face now tells me that no power can prevent a meeting; it tells me that the day is not far distant.' Her look and voice expressed the confidence she felt in every word she now spoke. 'It is inevitable,' she resumed. 'I read in his face that no one—neither you nor I—can turn my father from his purpose. Not that he has moved a finger, during these ten years, to find the man. He would never do that. But Kenrick

is creeping near, with the hope of taking my father unawares. My father knows this, and is on his guard; and in his strange, fearless style, feels a certain pleasure in the situation. I am sure, at least, that he would never step out of his way to avoid a meeting.'

Her words confirmed my worst suspicions. The encounter between these two men must sooner or later come. I could no longer hide my impatience to take my leave and go in search of Sybil's father.

Sybil moved towards the window, raised the curtain, and looked out. 'A few nights ago,' said she, almost in a whisper, as though there were fear of being overheard, 'I passed this limekiln in the carriage with my father. I saw a man standing there with the light upon him. I could not see his face, but I read in my father's face who that man was.'

I did not stay a minute longer now. I told her that I would return within the hour, if all that I proposed to do could be done in an hour's time. I went out into the night.

It was not until I was well on the road leading to the limekiln that I thoroughly realised how ill I was. While seated in the drawing-room at Waking Hall sympathising with Sybil in her distress, I was less mindful of myself. But when the cold wind swept gustily about me and beat against my hot cheeks, I began to shiver from head to feet, though sensible all the time of a burning fever within me.

I was approaching the limekiln fire. The light was thrown across the road with a stronger glare, as it appeared to me, than on the night upon which I first passed this way. I stopped for a moment; I tried to collect my thoughts; I tried to put away the swarm of odd fancies that crowded upon me and threatened to conquer my better judgment. If anything in my manner or speech should rouse Kenrick's suspicion—for I had thoughts of confronting this man—if a look of dread escaped me, as I feared it might, the object I had in view might be defeated.

I crept towards the limekiln fire, keeping out of the path of light, until the heat scorched my face. I then knelt down, and leaning cautiously forward, looked about me, while shading my eyes with my hand from the intense glare. The great furnace door stood wide open. The kiln being built up in the low hill-side, the higher hills in the dark background above looked all the darker, with the blue transparent flames appearing and disappearing at the aperture, or chimney, with the grim unearthliness of a witches' bonfire. Down below, in the quarried space in front of the furnace, sat Kenrick. I was bending down quite near him, so near, that by stretching out my hand I could have touched his arm. He was smoking a short clay-pipe, resting his elbow on his knees, and looking intently into the dull quivering glow. What could he see to gaze at so fixedly in that red-hot, gigantic pile of wood and coals? There was a weird, haunted look in his face—a look that brought a new terror to my thoughts.

There was only one thing to be done. Waking Station could be reached in a few minutes; there was a short cut across the fields. I at once determined to go there and telegraph to a friend in London and await his reply—a friend who

knew Colonel Hethersett, and the most likely man to furnish news of him if still in town.

I found the telegraph clerk busy at the wires. When I had written out my message and handed it to him, I expressed my intention to wait for an answer. He looked at me through his little square window with a half-glance of recognition: 'Won't you step inside, sir?' said he. 'There ain't much of a fire,' he added apologetically. 'But the waiting-room is locked up; and it's cold and windy enough out there to cut one to pieces. You'll find the door on your right.'

Tick—tick—tick. He was busy again working at the wires.

I sat down by the fire in the telegraph office and tried to take a more hopeful view of the situation. I began to imagine that the answer was on its way; and that the lengthy pauses, which now took place, expressed a suspended power of volition—that the telegraph clerk was too terror-stricken to complete the message on account of its tragic signification. I became intensely excited. I watched the clerk with a feverish sense of certitude that by studying his face I could interpret these electric sounds. I was on the point of asking him to confirm or dissipate my impressions, when he began to write, with a deliberation that almost drove me mad, upon a telegraph form. This paper he at last handed to me. The words ran as follows: 'Hethersett left London in dogcart at nine.'

I glanced at the clock: it was on the stroke of ten. It would take little more than an hour for an expert driver like Colonel Hethersett to reach Waking Hall.

Once more I started across the fields. The way was dark, so dark, that to attempt running was out of the question, for there was a deep ditch on either side of the narrow path. And as I walked along, tapping my stick in front of me, like a blind man, I kept my eyes wide open; my ears too for the possible sound of Colonel Hethersett's dogcart along the high-road. More than once I stopped to listen and to look out ahead for the slightest glimpse of gig-lamps in the distance.

Stay! What light is that? And surely I can distinguish the sound of wheels upon the road. It must be the dogcart; no one but Colonel Hethersett would drive at that reckless pace along a country high-road on so dark a night, with no lights for miles, except the ghost of one at the cross-roads on Waking Green. Yes; I can see the gig-lamps plainly now, and they look like great blinking orbs flashing out and in, as the trap spins along, passing by trees and hedges and other objects that are frequently black screens between us. And there is still a broad field to cross before I can reach the highway; and before I can even run over the ground the dogcart will have passed the stile that leads out upon the road.

I shout in a loud, distracted voice: 'Stop!' I have attracted his attention: he brings the trap to a stand-still. But I now begin bitterly to repent having raised my voice. For I see the reflected light of the limekiln fire right ahead in the night; and I know that my shouting will have reached Kenrick's sharp ear. He will see the dogcart; for Colonel Hethersett is stopping at the limekiln. They will meet face to face.

I have no distinct recollection of how, either running, walking, or stumbling, I gained the highway. But I did gain it, and in an amazingly short space of time; for as I sank down exhausted at the stile, which nearly faced the limekiln, I saw Colonel Hethersett pulling in rein just within the path of light that always streamed across the road; at the same moment I saw Kenrick start up from the ground within reach of the dogcart, raise his arms, and straighten his back, as if nerving himself for a spring.

'Hold my horse,' said the Colonel in a firm voice, as he flung the reins across the animal's back. 'Don't stand staring there. My name is Hethersett'—

'Is it?' interrupted the man. 'Do you think I don't know you?'

'I'll not dispute it. Hold my horse.'

'Do what?' said Kenrick; and glancing savagely about him, he selected a stone the size of his great fist, and hurled it at Colonel Hethersett. The stone, flying within an inch of the Colonel's head, dropped into the hedge beyond.

From the point where I had sunk down against the stile, the whole scene was visible to me in the light of the limekiln fire. The iron door was wide open, as I had seen it an hour ago, and the heat and glare struck upon Kenrick's threatening figure as though stimulating his awakened passion. Colonel Hethersett had risen from his seat in the trap and was stepping down. From first to last his eyes were fixed upon the man's face. No movement escaped him.

'Why did you cry out?' said the Colonel sternly.

'When?'

'A moment ago. You cried out "Stop."'

'Never!' Kenrick answered sullenly.

'No? And yet the voice came from this quarter,' said the Colonel. 'You heard it; didn't you?'

'What if I did?'

I could see both their faces distinctly now. I could see that Kenrick was quivering with suppressed rage and fear. But Colonel Hethersett's look was cool and determined.

'Kenrick,' said the Colonel in a quick tone, 'the time' has come for a settlement between us. It is now thirteen years— Ah! you have not forgotten: I know that. For twice since then you have made an attempt on my life: in Smithfield ten years ago, and again to-night.'

Kenrick made no reply; but I could see that the Colonel's dauntless manner, his stern voice, and penetrating look, were beginning to assert their influence over the man.

'Now listen to me. You brought upon yourself the punishment I gave you,' said the Colonel, 'by disobeying my orders. If you did not learn a lesson then, it is time you learnt it now! When I drew up here a minute ago and asked you to hold my horse, you refused. I am going to give you one chance more,' he added. 'You say you didn't call out to me to stop. Some one did; and I am going to satisfy myself instantly on this point. I am going to make a search along the road. You've a lantern, I suppose? Lend it to me.'

Still no reply: no movement on Kenrick's part.

'Have you a lantern or not?'

'Yes; one or two, I reckon.'

'Lend me one,' repeated Colonel Hethersett.

Kenrick hesitated still; but it was only for a moment. There was something in Colonel Hethersett's whole attitude that appeared to bring the man suddenly to a better sense of the situation. He crossed over to the hut, went in, and slammed the door angrily behind him. The Colonel paced slowly up and down always within the light of the fire, and always with his look directed towards the hut. Presently the little round window brightened, as if returning his glance; and a moment afterwards Kenrick came out lantern in hand.

'Thank you,' said the Colonel. 'And now, Kenrick,' he added, 'look after the horse.'

He took the lantern and turned away; and for the first time, since this meeting between them, Colonel Hethersett relaxed his watch upon the man. He stepped across the road, and soon caught sight of me lying helpless by the stile. He lifted me tenderly in his strong arms as he would have done a child. 'Sherwin, my dear boy! Why, how came you here?'

I can recollect seeing Kenrick leading the horse towards the spot. I have a dim recollection of being in the dogcart with one of Colonel Hethersett's arms claspings me securely; and I have a dimmer recollection still of the limekiln fire suddenly going out, as though an extinguisher had been put upon it. I remember no more.

And then there came a semi-consciousness of distracting dreams that recurred a thousand times during a night that never had an end. It fell dimly upon my senses that I was lying within the limekiln fire with heaps of red-hot coal on every side threatening to consume me; and all the while Kenrick was looking at me with stolid eyes as he smoked his pipe and tacitly refused to drag me out. At other times the telegraph wires at Woking Junction were passing through me with the central station in my head, which became overcrowded with messages.

These feverish 'imaginings' and a hundred others at last passed away, and less startling ones fell into their place. Once more I found myself in the heart of a certain wood, where a stream was flowing between high banks into a large river beyond. I was lying in a boat and looking down into this stream, and a face was looking up into mine. Yet there was no blue sky—no cluster of leaves, only the face; and this face gradually took the shape of Sybil's face in my brain. But there was no look of laughter. The eyes were filled with tears, and the cheeks were pallid and thin.

'Sybil!'

The sound of a sweet voice touched my senses. 'Hush! I will go and tell my father.'—

'No. Tell me! Am I awake or dreaming?'

I lifted my heavy eyelids like one coming out of a deep sleep and stared perplexedly about me.

'He brought you here'—

'Last night?'

'No. It will be three weeks to-morrow.'

I could not speak. A mist seemed to be gathering between her face and mine. She held a cup to my lips. I drank a refreshing draught, and then sank back upon my pillows into a dreamless sleep.

When I awoke it was night. The window curtains were now closely drawn, and I heard the wind whispering in the park outside. There

was no light in the room except from the fire. In an armchair, drawn up in front of the hearth, sat Colonel Hethersett.

Knowing this man's character as I did now, his manliness and tender nature, I felt that to express in words my sense of gratitude would be to lower myself in his esteem. It had been my privilege, ten years ago, to save his life. He had now saved mine.

It seemed to me as though I was waking into a new life—a new world—as I lay here contentedly watching the changing lights and shadows upon the walls, and listening to the red-hot cinders falling with a soft metallic ring. And if I was reminded of the limekiln fire and the terrors it had roused in my mind, there was no sense of dread awakened now. For I read in Colonel Hethersett's face, as he sat pondering there—as Sybil had doubtless read too—that all fear of danger might be dismissed from our minds.

Happening to pass the limekiln one night, a month or two after my recovery, I noticed a strange watchman standing there.

'Where is Kenrick?' said I.

'Overseer up at the Hall.'

'On Colonel Hethersett's property?'

'Yes.'

I was not surprised at this news; for, although the Colonel managed every one with iron will, I never knew a more generous master. And Kenrick proved an excellent servant. So long as they lived, he and the Colonel never exchanged another angry word.

The autumn again came round. One sultry afternoon—an afternoon never to be forgotten—I was walking with Sybil in Wakering park and by the river-side.

'Is it only a year?' she was saying as she stopped; and bending forward, she peered into the stream.

'A year to-day.'

She made no reply.

'Sybil,' I went on, 'I know you love me. But tell me so here, where we first met!'

Still gazing down into the stream, she whispered it. Then she added: 'And I thought that afternoon, only a year ago, that I should never see you again.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AT the recent soirée of the Royal Society, an annual event which is always looked forward to by Londoners of scientific tastes, there were two exhibits which attracted more attention perhaps than any of the others. The first was the method shown by Mr Ives of producing in a photograph the colours of Nature without the use of pigments. Briefly described, this method consists in obtaining by means of a compound camera three different negatives of one object, which may be a painting or a natural landscape. By associating each of these negatives at the moment of exposure in the camera with a light filter, one of them is excited only by rays representing the fundamental red sensation; another by rays representing the

green; and the third by rays representing the blue-violet sensation. Positives from these negatives are placed in a triple lantern, the light passing through each being filtered through screens of coloured glass—red, green, and violet respectively. When those three coloured images are superposed on the lantern sheet, they coalesce, and the result is a very perfect copy of the coloured original.

The other exhibit at the soirée which met with equal attention was the collection of photographs of bullets in flight taken by Professor Boys. The method by which this seemingly impossible feat is brought about is very ingenious. The camera and lens are dispensed with altogether, and by their rejection the operation is at once much simplified. In a dark chamber the apparatus is arranged, consisting of an electric spark contrivance, which furnishes the light required, and a sensitive gelatine photographic plate. Over this plate, a rifle bullet, fired through an aperture in the chamber, wends its rapid flight, and in doing so touches two wires. This touch gives the necessary metallic contact to induce the instantaneous flash of the electric spark. The light causes the shadow of the bullet to be cast upon the plate, and this shadow makes a permanent record when that plate is afterwards developed. The most curious feature of these pictures is that the air-waves due to compression and rarefaction in front of and behind the bullet are distinctly marked.

The Royal Commission for the Chicago Exhibition, whose headquarters are the Society of Arts, London, have just issued a little handbook which will be useful to intending exhibitors, for it gives all particulars as to routes, tariffs, and regulations. In the department devoted to Electricity, it is especially pointed out that from a British point of view it is most desirable to show how large a share our electricians have had in developing this branch of science and its practical applications. Looking backward, we find that the first electrician was Gilbert; that the first practical telegraph line was worked out by an Englishman (Ronalds, in 1816), and perfected at a later date by Cooke and Wheatstone. The germ of the modern dynamo-machine—which will possibly revolutionise our mechanical industries—was discovered on Faraday's lecture-table, and afterwards applied by Wilde, Holmes, and others. And lastly, we can point with pride to the honoured name of Davy.

In a recent lecture on 'The Venomous Snakes of India and the Mortality caused by them,' Sir Joseph Fayrer said that although the chemistry of snake-poison had been much studied of late, no antidote to snake-virus had yet been found. Remedies were of little avail when the full effect from a bite had been produced; but when the poison had entered the system in smaller quantity, medical treatment might be of some service. The poison can neither be sucked from a bite nor swallowed with impunity. After naming the different snakes found in India, of which the cobra is the most formidable, the lecturer pointed out that the average loss of life for the eight years ending 1887 was nearly twenty thousand human beings, and more than two thousand head of cattle yearly. To reduce this



alarming death-rate he thinks that the best plan will be to make more fully known the appearance and habits of these dread reptiles, and to give a reward for each poisonous snake killed. The proposal to cut down and clear away the jungle in the vicinity of villages could, he thinks, hardly be expected to produce the desired effect.

The soil in winter-time is often frozen so hard that excavations are impossible, and all such work has to be postponed. Mr Kelly, superintendent of the Gas-works at Waltham, U.S.A., in a paper recently read before the New England Association of Gas Engineers, has described a method whereby this difficulty can be obviated. His system is to spread a quantity of lime some inches deep over the place where the digging has to be done. A piece of tarpaulin is spread over the lime and left there for several hours. Experience shows that by the warmth thus induced frost nearly two feet deep can be quickly melted. The lime presents an objection in many cases on account of its expense, but gas companies can afterwards employ the spent material for purifying purposes.

Railway travellers must have often experienced a difficulty in finding the compartment of the carriage in which they have been sitting, after having left it at any intermediate station for purposes of refreshment. M. Cros, a French gentleman, has suggested a method of putting an end to this difficulty. He suggests that the door of each railway carriage should, like a hotel or inn, bear an easily recognised sign. This might be a picture of a bull, swan, elephant, or any other familiar object, so long as it served the purpose in view. This plan would also be valuable in the case of a passenger forgetting a parcel or other article left behind in a carriage and finding it necessary to telegraph for it.

It would seem that the art of line-engraving on steel must now be looked upon as lost. For the last artist who devoted himself to this beautiful method of pictorial illustration, Mr Lumb Stocks, has recently gone to his rest. Another artist, who made a name in this work, is reported to have said that he was of opinion that this particular branch of art would soon become obsolete. He believed that photogravure was beating it out of the field. There are effects, he said, produced by that process which the line-engraver can never possibly approach. The photogravure is no doubt a most beautiful process in affording a faithful reproduction of every touch of the oil-painter's brush, but at the same time all lovers of art must regret the decline of a method in which British artists have always shown such pre-eminence.

After many experiments, the locomotive department of the Great Western Railway in the Argentine Republic have mastered the problem of using petroleum as fuel instead of coal or wood. The crude oil, which is about as thick as treacle, is brought down to the works of the railway by pipe, and stored there in a large tank capable of holding three thousand tons. It seems, however, that directly all difficulties had been conquered, the supply of oil failed, and the companies have now to go back to the old way of firing their engines. The Petroleum Company have not, it is stated, carried their borings deep enough, and fresh work must be

undertaken before the oil-wells will again afford their yield.

A curious instance of the way in which the value of a work of art is increased by being associated with the name of a painter of merit is afforded by a case which occurred at the recent Naval Exhibition. Many visitors to that Exhibition will remember a large picture entitled 'The Embarkation of Katherine of Braganza to marry Charles II. of England.' This picture, by an unknown artist, happened to be hung next one which had already been sent by the Earl of Sandwich, the title of which was 'The Battle of Solebay,' painted by Van de Veld. It was not until these two pictures were seen hanging together that it became evident to experts that both were by the same hand. The colouring, the design of the ships, their form, decoration, and rig, all told this most plainly. The immediate result of this discovery was that the value of the first-named picture was raised from five hundred to five thousand pounds for insurance purposes.

At the request of the British shipowners, Sir Frederic Abel and Mr Redwood have been investigating the question of transporting petroleum in bulk through the Suez Canal, and have just issued a Report thereon. They consider that the passage of tank steamers laden with oil must involve great risk to other vessels using this important waterway. The atmosphere on the Canal, as well as the water itself, is at such a temperature at certain seasons of the year, that the risk arising from an outbreak of fire, or explosion of a mixture of oil-vapour and air on board a vessel, would be grave. They also consider the danger of leakage in the case of the collision or grounding of one of these tank vessels, from the presence on the Canal of many lights, some of which are gas buoys floating on the water, would make the ignition of the oil almost a certainty. The authors admit that these risks might to some extent be reduced by proper stipulations as to the construction of the tank vessels and the storage of the oil; but still they consider the whole question involves elements of danger which it would not be wise to risk.

Boat-propulsion by means of oil-engines is certainly on the increase, and is likely to present a real rivalry to the employment of boats driven by electricity. The system presents many advantages. To begin with, it is economical and safe, there is no boiler, a complete absence of smoke, a great saving of room which can be devoted to other purposes, and a saving of time in obviating the necessity of getting up speed. On the Manchester Ship and other canals many such vessels are employed; and on the Thames every season some may be seen which have superseded the more common steam-launch. A small boat of this kind has recently been tried at Govan. The engines in this case are of five horse-power, and make about two hundred and eighty revolutions per minute. Ordinary mineral oil is used, and enough for a week's working can be stored in the vessel.

The great inland sea of North Holland, the Zuyder Zee, was up to the twelfth century a lake, but at that time it was united to the North Sea as the result of an inundation. For a long time past the Government of Holland have had

under consideration a project for draining this vast piece of water. Large vessels now make their way to Amsterdam by means of the North Sea Canal, the water being far too shallow in the Zuyder Zee to accommodate any but the smallest craft. Useless to Holland as a piece of water, the land for agricultural purposes would, if it could be drained, be very valuable. It has an area of seven hundred and sixty square miles. A Report recently issued on this subject by a Commission which was appointed some time ago to thoroughly examine the question, proposes to close the Zuyder Zee by means of a dam. The area would then be divided into four parts, and the work of draining would be carried out successively in each. The total cost, including the construction of the dam, would be about seventeen million sterling. The Dutch engineers have in past times shown themselves such adepts in recovering land from the hungry sea that they have adopted a proverb which says, 'God made the sea, but we made the land.' There is little doubt that if the financial difficulty can be met, the engineering work can be accomplished.

The theft of electricity is a new crime which the progress of science has called into existence. A case recently came before a certain law-court in the United States in which a man with some knowledge of electricity caused the meter which registered the amount which he used for illuminating purposes to record less than he had consumed. The lawyer who defended him ingeniously argued that as electricity was an intangible something of which no one could really state the exact nature, and that as at common law it was actually unknown, his client could not be convicted of stealing it. But the lawyer met with his match on the other side in one who showed that gas was also unknown at common law, but was recognised as a thing that could be stolen. In the sequel the judge took advantage of a certain statute which makes fraud committed with a view to theft, a felony, and the man who stole the electricity is therefore likely to meet with the reward of his misdeed.

A metallic alloy, closely resembling gold, which has a fine grain, is malleable, and does not easily tarnish, is described in one of the technical journals devoted to the jewellers' art. The process for producing this alloy is as follows: Pure copper, one hundred parts, is melted, and to this are gradually added fourteen parts of tin or zinc, six of magnesia, fifty-six of ammonium chloride, eighteen of quicklime, and nine of cream of tartar. This mixture is melted and stirred in a crucible for half an hour, after which it is kept in the molten state for another like period. The dross is then removed from the surface, and the metal poured into moulds.

Among the most important modern applications of electricity is that of heating and welding by the electric arc. The system which has been found to give the best results is that known as the Benardos-Howard Method. To give an idea of the way in which this work is carried out, we may describe the method by which a fractured church bell of large size was recently mended. The bell was so connected with the dynamo-machine which furnished the necessary electric current as to form one of its poles; the other pole of the machine was connected

with a tool having a carbon end. Upon turning on the current and approaching the carbon point to the cracked place, the metal was immediately brought to a white-heat, and the fractured edges were welded together. By no other means could the bell have been mended. The same system is often used in welding together iron and steel tubes, iron barrels for petroleum, &c., and is employed in repairs to steel castings and engineering work of all kinds. Messrs Lloyd and Lloyd of Birmingham and London are the pioneers in this useful branch of manufacture, and they have at present half-a-dozen large Crompton dynamo-machines constantly employed in furnishing the necessary electrical energy.

At a recent meeting of the Chemical Society, a new Egyptian mineral, to which the name of 'Masrite' has been given, was described. Examination proved this mineral to be a variety of fibrous alum, and, from the fact of from one to nearly four per cent. of cobalt being found in different samples, it was thought that the blue colour used in paintings on Egyptian monuments might be due to that pigment. Analysis of such paintings, however, showed that the blue colour was due to compounds of copper and iron. The principal interest attaching to the mineral lies in the circumstance that it contains a minute quantity of an unknown substance, believed to be a new element. To this hypothetical body the name 'Masrium' has been given, from the Arabic name for Egypt.

Mr W. C. Andrews has patented a plan for supplying fuel in an altogether novel way. He suggests that at the coal-mines the coal should be reduced to a fine powder and mixed with a large quantity of water, so as to form a thick liquid having the appearance of ink, and that this mixture should then be pumped into pipes by powerful engines and carried to any convenient point. The liquid would have to be forced through the piping at a speed of from six to seven miles an hour, so that the coal-dust should have no opportunity of settling before it arrived at its destination. Here it would be discharged into tanks, where the solid portion would gradually settle to the bottom, and the sediment so formed would afterwards be collected and compressed by hydraulic rams into blocks of convenient sizes for fuel.

All collectors of books look upon a copy of the folio edition of Shakespeare, dated 1623, as the very coping-stone of their ambition. Copies of this edition are now so rare that recently one was offered for sale for one thousand pounds. Students have now, however, an opportunity of obtaining a fac-simile copy of this work, which is being reproduced by the Dallastype Process, and a copy so exact that little mistakes in pagination and the irregular modes of spelling in vogue in the seventeenth century, are faithfully reproduced. We have recently had an opportunity of examining an advance copy of this work, which is being published by Messrs Garratt & Co. of Southampton Row, London.

Forty-three years ago there were described in our own pages the wonderful and novel effects which were then obtained by means of the magic lantern. Since that time the magic lantern has been so improved that it has ceased to be a toy

for the amusement of holiday folk. It is now to be found in every school and lecture theatre in the world, and is used not only for diagrams and microscopic projections, but also for experimental demonstrations. It is curious to compare the old form of lantern with its roughly-painted pictures on glass, with the modern instrument with its perfect photographic slides. The most perfect instrument ever seen was recently shown at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, where, by means of a powerful electric arc light, and lenses purposely made for the lantern by Dallmeyer, pictures were shown with a brightness and on a scale hitherto unprecedented. Lantern demonstrations by means of this unique instrument have recently been given daily in connection with the successful Electrical Exhibition which has already received notice in these pages.

### AMONGST THE RUSHES.

THE splendour of midsummer sunshine is once more over all the earth; the air is hot and still, and the quivering heat seems to radiate from the ground; the scent of hawthorn and newly-cut clover is all round. The morning is so absolutely perfect as to leave nothing to be desired save the low musical lapping of water. So once more flannels are put on, and the boat is in readiness for a long dawdling day upon the river. How delicious is the sense of life, as the boat glides smoothly through the gently-flowing river! How joyous are the larks, as they mount, singing, into the hazy blue; and the atmosphere seems filled with a drowsy murmur from the myriad armies of insect life. The limes have just begun to open their luscious blossoms to the eager bees. In the deep, green, translucent water is reflected the delicate feathery almond-scented meadow-sweet, the purple loosestrife, and the red and white campions that grow luxuriantly along the banks, amongst their green setting of reeds and rushes. Through the drooping boughs of the gray-green willows streams the sunshine, making dancing golden lights on low-growing cresses and forget-me-nots, and the little rippling splashes round the stones and hollows along the banks.

Flitting butterflies of gorgeous colours hover over the blooming grasses and ox-eye daisies. The tiny black chicks of the moorfowl hide and nestle amongst the bunches of dried grass during the mid-day heat. How silent are the long stretches of country on either side of the river! The panting sheep are gathered under the trees; cattle are resting in the scant shade of the low-cut hedgerows, or have waded deep into the river in the cool little backwaters, amongst the reeds and sedges. In the distance, the clink of a mowing-machine can be heard; and field after field of freshly-cut grass lies in long swaths, waiting for another machine to turn it over; for the troops of merry rustics, with their bare arms and sunburnt faces, are rarely seen anywhere now, and both rural life and the pleasant aspect of the country have lost much of their ancient charm. The comfortable old-fashioned farmsteads have fallen into decay, or are left untenanted; cottages have been turned into barns or shedding for cattle, and often pulled down entirely; and both masters and men have drifted into the

towns and found employment in the manufacturing centres. Yet still the river flows on in its old channels; still the swift and swallow skim the surface, darting and diving after the flies and midges; still the reeds and rushes sway and bend in the old way; and as the boat is shoved amongst the thick tangle of river-side herbage, the noisy willow-wren chirps sharply to her mate as her especial domain is invaded; the water-rats dive hastily into their holes; and shoals of minnows and gudgeon wriggle away into the shelter of the rushes, and are lost in the wide sweep of the river.

How cool and fragrant the air is in this dim shut-in hollow of the beech-woods; and the entrance is so hidden amidst overhanging brambles and briar roses, that a stranger would pass fifty times and fail to discover its whereabouts; but turn the rudder to the right, crash through the bed of rushes and foxtail grass, and three or four back-strokes bring the boat floating out on a deep silent pool, that mirrors the dense foliage and thick smooth trunks of the giant beeches, and the deep overhanging banks hollowed under the twisted rugged roots, where, amongst the damp water-weeds and mossy stones, grow marvellous bunches of hartstongue ferns, their dark-green glossy leaves perfect in shape and colouring.

There is always a whisper of wind among the beeches, that mingles with the lazy caw of the rooks and faint cooing of the stockdoves, and is pleasantly suggestive of the low sound of the summer sea—

And the beech-trees murmur lowly  
Strange old dreamings, half awake,  
As we glide beneath them slowly  
O'er the forest-girdled lake.

What a charm there is in the silence and solitude when the boat is moored, and only the low slumberous lap of the river is heard a few yards away, to gaze into the dark fathomless pool, or up into the tangle of intersecting boughs and leaves, through a rift of which can be seen a glimpse of far-off sunny blue!

At first, the silence seems unbroken; then gradually little sounds of life are heard. Yonder is a tawny squirrel alert amongst the dry grass; and those frisky atoms of fur most certainly are a young family. Two or three sandpipers fly off with a startled 'tweet, tweet,' among the flags; a pair of comfortable wild-ducks are catering for their dusky downy brood; a moorhen steals softly away through the sedges; far off, in the distance, the corncrake can be heard in the barley on the sunny ridges; greenfinches and yellow-hammers are rustling in the thickets of bramble-bushes; over the pool the midges and gadflies dance and sing, making a vague murmur in the air, as if whispering together about the beauty of their short-lived summer kingdom. There is a winding path through the woods a few hundred yards up the hill; on the other side, about midway down the western slope, stands an old brown manor-house, whose massive walls are nearly hidden in ivy and clustering roses. The windows are deeply mullioned; the chimney stacks are fancifully twisted; the pointed gables and wide porch curiously decorated and carved with symbolical figures. From the wide sunshiny terrace-walk on one side is seen a richly-wooded landscape

of hill and valley, the little town half-way up, on the opposite hills. On the other side lies the sweet-scented old-world garden, where honeysuckle, musk-roses, jasmine, huge lavender bushes, and giant magnolias fill the air with perfume; thick yew hedges, many centuries old, enclose the broad shady tennis courts. There are long green alleys of quince and apple, filbert and pear trees, clusters of lilac and laburnum, and guelder roses round the lawn. Clear and cool, the 'lily-padded lake' gleams beneath the silver birch and quivering aspen, creeping lazily under the shady trees till it joins the meadow-stream and falls into the quiet pool below the mill.

History tells of the old manor as having once belonged to the Jesuits, where dwelt one of those strictly-closed orders of which the world hears so much and knows so little. It may have been so, for on the north side of the manor there is a curious little building with two beautiful twelfth-century windows, that probably was a small antechapel in its palmy days. The capitals of the columns are quaintly carved with heads of animals and human faces; and in one corner is a rudely-cut stoop set in the angle of the wall. It is thickly overgrown with white-veined ivy, inside and out the building, and is used in this prosaic nineteenth century as a summer smoking retreat.

Very beautiful looks this 'haunt of ancient peace,' this sunshiny July noon; very lovely this wide wind-swept landscape of 'hill and valley, lake and lea;' but the river has a still greater fascination; and the dreamy hours idled away along the banks, watching the swirling brown and green water making foaming eddies round the drooping willows, the sand-martins hovering over the rushes, the graceful sweeping reeds and the long feathery grasses moving with every breeze, and listening to the gentle ripple of the tiny wavelets on the sides of the boat—are hours that do not come too often in a lifetime; for one day that can be spent with pleasure on the river there are hundreds that are fit for walking or driving. Then, if the heat of the day has passed, and the quiet becomes monotonous, row down stream a mile, and the hollow roar of a great tumbling weir is heard, and the cry of 'Lock! lock!' The great green gates slowly open, and the boat is shut within the deep cool lock, and the roar of the weir is like the sound of thunder. Slowly rises the dark water, and the boat floats out on the shining placid river.

There is life and bustle here: two men and a boy are busy mending and tarring a punt; half-a-dozen youngsters playing and tumbling in and out a leaky, old, flat-bottomed boat, laughing, shouting, and scrambling in reckless glee. Two red-faced bargewomen, with violent gestures, are quarrelling shrilly; a stout girl in short blue skirt and red jersey is winding up the closing lock gate with one hand, holding a screaming infant in the other. Over the weir rush the smooth sheets of translucent green water, falling into the torrent below in great foaming billows, that rise again in impalpable spray, making numberless bits of rainbow colouring in the evening sunshine. Farther down, a fussy little steamer has brought a party of merry young folks to a rustic bungalow, standing in the shade of a noble group of chestnuts. The bright-faced girls look radiant

with happiness, and the men quite capable of enjoying their company. What wonder that, under the influence of the glowing evening, they feel a delight to live and breathe, the tide of healthful life bounding in their veins adding to the natural enjoyment of youth. The glory of summer clothes the hills, uplands, and valleys, the moors and the meadows. The wild exuberant beauty of coppice and woods, the lush leafage of the hedgerows and river-side, the singing of bird and insect life, all give to the thoughtful mind the unmistakable proof of the inherent power of Nature.

But the glory of sunset light has begun to fall across the hills and golden-green woods; the distant purple shadows grow deeper; the air is stiller than ever, save for the shrill singing of the swifts as they rush through the air; when the lock is passed again, and the roar of the weir faint in the far distance, the soft gray mists can be seen stealing up the river, and a faint warm wind sighs through the reeds and rushes, heavy with the scent of clover hay. A humble-bee booms lazily under the willows; gray and white moths flutter round; bats whirl erratically about, with their faint little cry; gradually the crimson sun has dropped to the under-world, and in the faint afterglow hangs a single golden star, with scintillating rays of green and sapphire and purple; and in all the blue immensity of space appear twinkling points of light, that are reflected in the water, and a breath of the lindens comes in the whispering shadowy darkness. The boat touches the landing-steps, the oars are shipped, and our day amongst the reeds and rushes is over.

#### HEART-STORMS.

THE shadow of night is falling,  
But the shore is sunlit yet:  
Oh tranquil tide, what a flood you bear  
Of bitter and wild regret!

When the storm your waves uplifted,  
When the wind was wet with spray,  
My heart was eased of its long dull ache,  
And I looked from my grief away.

'Tis when all is calm and peaceful,  
When at rest the whole world lies,  
That the heart is stirred with a storm unseen,  
And utters its lonely cries.

P. W. ROOSE.

#### \*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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